[20.]

A LECTURE

Held forth at a

CONVENTICLE

Before the Departure of

Sir Patience Ward,

And many more of our Dear Brethren in *Tribulation.*

Dearly Beloved Friends,

WE are Dissembled and met together upon a woful and dismal occasion, to Fast and Mourn in Sack-cloth and Ashes: *Our Cause, Our Cause*; nay, I say again *Our Cause*, is now no *Cause* at all: It hath lost its main Pillars and Supporters. Woe and Lamentations be unto you All. Was it for This we made so *Great a Plot?* Was it for this we *Abused King, Lords and Council?* Was it for this *Our Clubs cry'd out for our Liberties?* And at last to have all *Our Plots, Our Holy Plots, Our Sanctified Cheats, Our Reformations, Caballs, &c.* quite overthrown. Therefore Weep, Howl, Yell and Bawl, that your Cryes may reach the Ears of him that set you on work.

Belzebub the 1*st.* and the 2*d.*

AH Friends! Innumerable are the causes we have for Weeping and Wailing, and Gnashing of Teeth: This day therefore, as I said before, I say unto you again, weep, yea weep; but first every man for himself, for ye know, *Every Tub must stand upon its own bottom*; Weep then for the loss of these Charters of the Saints, *Of Binding the Kings in Chains and Nobles in Links of Iron.* These great Benefits of enjoying the Blessings and Ordinances *cum Privilegio*: But above all, weep every one of you for his Latter End, for I fear the time of your Destruction draws nigh.

Ignoramus the 1, 2, and last.

SEcondly, weep for the loss of *Patience*, for the loss of our Dear Friends the *Sham-Sheriffs* of the City: Ah Friends, had you perfected that Great work, ye had been Mighty Men, Great in the work of our late *Polish-Prince*; but now I fear you must follow *Noll* and *Bradshaw*, *Prynn* and *Hambden*, *Cooke* and *Colledge*; as you may read at large in *Baxter* the 12*th.* and the 14*th.*

THirdly, weep for being discovered by the Discovery; and prevent the intended use of that admirable Engine or Defenceless Weapon, called a *Protestant-Flail.*

Ah Friends, had not the Uncircumcised found it out, we the Saints might have been ready Armed to have given a Setling Blow to Religion; yea, have knock'd down Monarchy as an Ox for the slaughter; and in its stead have set up a *Commonwealth*, where Religion might be countenanced, and all Christian Practices swept away like Locusts from the Land.

Colledge the Martyr, the 1*st.* and the 1*st.*

FOurthly, weep for the sad State and Condition of the *Factious Nobility* of this Land and Nation; and above all for the two Dearest amongst 'em, *Absalom* and *Achitophel.*

Ah

Ah my Beloved, pull out the Taps of your Eyes, and weep, and weep in Tears like a mighty ſtream, for had not that Plot-Tap of *Achitophel* grown low, our Dear Sifters Cauſe had not died. And in weeping for them, weep alſo for *Zimri*, *Shimei*, *Thumb*, *Care*, *Curtis*, *Elephant* and *Smith*, with other Cuckoldy-Citts, and Rioters in the *Common-Hall*.

Courant the laſt and the laſt.

FIfthly, Weep for me, and all our Brethren, for now in vain are all our Trap doors, our Cantings, and Whinings, Perſecutions will come upon us like a Thief in the night. Cry out therefore, exalt your Voices, Cry aloud on *Popery*, *Tyranny*, *Loſs of Liberty*, *Force of Conſcience*. Thoſe ſpecious Lyes which once Embroiled the Kingdom, may now Chance to help us at a *dead liſt*: Ah Sifters, what will become of us in the days of the Fiery Tryal? Us that us'd to Catechiſe you in private, and be a Comfort to you in all your Spiritual Back-ſlidings, when your Husbands (Good Men) were Sweating and Tugging at the *Common-Hall*, and lending a Shoulder to the Cauſe. Ah! Cry out againſt the Whore of *Babylon*, that we may yet get a Hook in her Noſtrils, and a Bridle in her Jaws, that ſhe may Spew, Fall and riſe no more, but reel and ſtagger like a Drunken man,

Nutingion-Bull the 1ſt. and the 7th.

BUt now let me give you a word of exemplary encouragement, conſidering the Pattern of all them who have already paſt the Fiery Tryal; I begin with the firſt.

Conſider in the firſt place the example of the *Proteſtant Mouſe*: There's a Copy of ſelf Mortification: Conſider I ſay, that poor Inſect of an Animal, who choſe rather to die a Victim to pinching Hunger in a *Proteſtant-Sheriffs* Cupboard, rather than Glut it ſelf with the Sons of *Belial*'s Therefore Mortify your Fleſh, leſt this poor *Mouſe* riſe up in Judgment againſt you, and ſay what I did you durſt not do. I refer you for truth of the Relation, to *Bethel* the 1ſt. to the end of the Chapter.

SEcondly, conſider St. *Stephen* the *Joyner*, who rather than live peaceably with the Sons of *Belial*, choſe to die by a Rope on a deſpicable *Gallows*. Conſider I ſay, a Pattern worthy your Imitations, follow his ſteps, and you ſhall at laſt come where he is to Sing Eternal *Rare Shows*, and *Proteſtant-Ballads*, to the Infernal *Demon* that employed you.

Ah *My Beloved*, conſider the Patern of all them that Sweated themſelves to death in the Common-Hall for *Ryoting* for *Lord Mayors* and *Sheriffs*: *My Beloved*, as they Sweated Spiritually, do you Sweat Carnally, venture your Toes and Shins, and Sweat even drops of Blood rather than loſe the thing you aim at, *Ellis* 1ſt. and the laſt.

BUt to return to the buſineſs of the day, I ſhould tell you what's like to become of all your *Plots* and *Sham-Plots*, your *Ignoramus* and *Proteſting-Men*, your *Roots* and *Aſſociating-Men*: But grief ſtops my Spirits, that what my Heart would, my Tongue cannot utter; Therefore, *Wo*, *Wo*, and ſeven times *Wo* be unto you all this day. The *Tories* will come upon you, and in vain ſhall you hope for *Ignoramus*; The men of the *North* will be men of Conſciences, and Rich in the works of *Equity* and *Mercy*.

Ah *Friends!* Conſider, when you are Aſſembled together in the Fear of the *Lord*; Juſtice ſhall entrap you, and carry you to Priſon, and from thence to the *Gallows*; to which, Heaven of its infinite Mercy, bring you all for the Merits of your dear *Treaſon* and *Aſſociation*.

But hold, the *Philiſtians* are upon you, the *Lord* be Merciful to your Souls, for I muſt ſhift for my ſelf.

Enter *Informers*, and *Exit Teacher* at a *Trap-Door*.

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